

Mercenary

by DeathGrip

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Summary: Wha? You think I'm cowerin while antific bullets are flyin?

Mercenary

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"Hey! It's one of them! Get her!"

> "DIE bitch!"<br> "In your dreams, ass-hole!" DeathGrip yelled, backpedaling from enemy lines as fast as she could. She landed back in the trenches on her back.

> "Didn't work too well, huh?" tobiasrulz asked her, aiming her gun for another shot.<br> "Not worth shit, no," DeathGrip replied, trying to wipe the mud off her face with her sleeve, which was so muddy in itself that the action was pointless.

> "What the-RB and DMP are crossing the lines! What the HELL do they think they're doing?" Andalite Girl screamed. "Somebody take the message!"<br> "I got it!" DeathGrip yelled back, clawing her way out of the trench- just taller than her short frame, and bolted for the command tent. An anti-fic bullet exploded within inches of her, and she stumbled, rolling a few feet before grabbing her own pistol and searching for any serious problems.

> She ripped off a strip from her jacket as a brace for her right knee, which she'd fallen on, stood, holstered her pistol, and darted off in less than a millisecond.<br> "Ma'am! Ma'am!!" DeathGrip gasped, stumbling into the tent. Forlay stood up, grabbing her gun on the way-no surprise, DeathGrip had ripped off her teal armband-"DMP and Rb are invading our trenches!" "What? Are they CRAZY?"

> She shrugged and dashed out the tent.<br> Ph-SHOW!

> DeathGrip screeched and dropped back, still feeling the wind of the anti fic bullet.<br> "-have to bring out the heavy artillery-"

> \* Heavy artillery? Wouldn't miss that for the world... \*<br> She darted around the tent until she reached the machine guns and was the first to grab one. She would have gotten two, but there wasn't time-the enemy forces had gotten in the trenches!

She was knocked over by someone running over her. A shot whizzed by her ear. She grabbed her knife and an anti fic bullet out of her boot and pinned the assailant down, ripping a gash in his/her arm. S/he screamed. DeathGrip stuffed the anti fic bullet into the wound, and rolled off her victim, standing to watch them disintegrate.

> "Ruby?" she wondered for a brief second, before ducking and firing random blasts in the direction of her assailant. There were screams and yelps from her side.<br> "Forlay! Forlay! She got Forlay!"

> "Nnnooooo!!!!!"<br> "Dammit! You bitch!"

> "MOVE OUT!!!" DeathGrip screamed, "THAT'S AN ORDER!! ALL TROOPS MOVE OUT!!"<p>

Two hours later the sorry group of writers that were left of the forces gathered, sopping wet, miserable, rained on.

> They'd taken out Bob, Forlay.... the list went on and on. Twenty of them were left.<br> DeathGrip kept her watch on border control.

> "Hello DeathGrip."<br> "Heh. Rb. Why am I not surprised, you snot nosed son of a bitch?"

> The approaching figure hesitated at that. <br> DeathGrip fired.

> Shots and screams from camp.<br> Ambush.

> Something hit her in the back and pulled her up by the hair. She was practically bristling.<br> "Say good-night, Little Miss Morbid."

> The ear shatteringly loud explosion right next to her head.

<p>

"NNNOOOO!!!!!!!!!"

> DeathGrip's chair went sprawling backwards. She sighed, sat up, and hit herself in the head with her mouse.<br> "Dammit. Dammit dammit dammit. What a damnable way for it to end. DAMMIT damn damn damn damn damn it it it it it it dammit dammit dammit dammit dammit."

End  
file.